

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 292.—VOL. VI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1889.

PRICE 1½d.

THE HARVEST MOON.

WHETHER as a thin thread of light, tracing her pale curved outline against the clear sunset sky, or as a broad effulgent disc, making midnight brilliant over the frosted plain, or leaving a lane of light across the waves, reaching from our feet beyond our sight, the moon lends beauty and brightness to our world's scenery. She has in all ages been the changeful favourite of poets and lovers, a fact perhaps accounted for by the variety of her appearances, aided by the gentleness and purity of her light. Milton in *Il Penseroso* desires to

Walk unseen
On the dry smooth shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way.

But while the great poet is true to nature in his fancy, he would well know that while the moon might *seem* to be led astray, she never was so. He knew that the stars

Each had his place appointed, each his course.

Yet in Milton's day little was known as to the real nature of these courses, compared with the clear and orderly teaching of our modern astronomy. Especially is this true with regard to the moon, whose motions are now regularly predicted for five years in advance, and the causes of her changeful appearances well understood. Most people indeed know this vaguely, but very few so definitely as to be able to explain such an appearance, for example, as the harvest moon. Not very long ago we read in the 'Answers to Correspondents' of a generally very well-informed paper that there is a moon in March as bright and lasting as that which usually illumines the September evenings, but that nobody notices it then, as it is of no special use to mankind! I think any one who, like a friend of the writer, sprained his ankle during the intense darkness of the moonless evenings of last March, would

answer differently! This answer is as far from the truth as it could well be. The full moon in March, instead of remaining with us evening after evening, disappears with great rapidity. In fact, any person who observes will find that March is as conspicuous for the brevity of moonlight as September is for its duration.

Most people who live in the country will have noticed, too, how the full moon in midwinter rides high overhead, while in midsummer it rolls low across the southern sky. Some of our readers may indeed have asked in vain an explanation of these changes, while most will probably be interested to have one, and to compare it with their own observation of the phenomena. To explain all the lunar changes would of course occupy too much space, and we shall select for our purpose the so-called 'Harvest Moon,' as that is again coming round in due season, and also as it seems to be one of the least generally understood.

This appearance is not due to any lengthening of the time during which the moon is full, and still less to any enlargement of the lunar disc. The diameter of the apparent disc may be as great, or a little greater, and the moon remain what we popularly call 'full' for even a longer time, in winter, spring, or summer, and yet no effect such as we see in September be produced.

The moon in September has this peculiarity, however, that it rises for a good many successive evenings about the same time, say between six and nine o'clock in the evening, and continues to give light all night. This enables harvest-work to go on continuously, night and day, and is found to be a most beneficial arrangement. For example, the moon, if full, say, on the 9th of September (as it is this year), will rise, for more than a week about that date, somewhere between 6.30 and 9.10 P.M. Its time of rising will be later each night by only some twenty minutes, and it will give light the whole night through. This will give a full week during which there will be very little darkness at all. Whereas, if we take the spring moon of 1888, full on the 27th of March, we shall find that it rose then nearly one

hour and a half later each evening, and in five days after full moon, instead of rising soon after eight o'clock, it did not rise till half-past eleven. These, too, are not specially chosen cases; more striking ones could easily be found.

Now, when we ask the reason for this beneficent behaviour of the moon at harvest-time, we are met with a most interesting fact at the outset—namely, that the cause of the harvest moon is the same as the cause of the harvest itself. Both depend on the position of the sun in the sky. As the great light of our world withdraws himself southward, and the short days come on, the harvest, stimulated by his summer beams, whitens for the sickle. And this very declining motion brings the full moon into the position in which she gives light to the wagoner and the reaper.

A little consideration will enable us to see how this is the case. The position of the sun in the sky at the time of full moon determines the place then held by the moon, which at that time must be directly opposite the sun, and like

His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him.

Thus, if the sun be high overhead, the full moon will be below the horizon, enlightening our antipodes. If the sun be setting nearly due west, the full moon will be rising nearly due east; and if the sun be setting in the south-west, the full moon will be well risen in the north-east. Now, we can easily follow the theory of the harvest moon if we grasp this elementary truth, that sun and full moon are thus always in opposite regions of the sky, so that if at time of full moon we turn the back of our head to the sun and look straight before us, we shall look right to where the moon is, whether it be below or above the horizon.

But as the midwinter and midsummer positions of the full moon are more simply explained, we may apply this principle to them first, so that our readers may be prepared more easily to understand the more complex case of the moon in autumn.

First, then, take the full moon in December. It then rides high in the heavens, and comes further north at rising and setting than at any other time of year. Our principle demands that this should be because it is opposite to the sun at that time, and of course this is at once evident, for the sun is then farther south than at any other time. The full moon, then, must come farther north, which is the case.

Again, in June, the sun is farther north than in any other month of the year. His rising and setting are beautifully seen from windows which have even a direct northern aspect. Our principle demands that the full moon should then be far south at its rising and setting, which again we find to be the case.

Now, the farther north in the sky the full moon is, the earlier in the evening it will rise; just as the sun rises earlier in the morning the farther

north it comes, until at the farthest north point of its course it rises in summer before four o'clock. Hence the full moon in December, being far north, rises early, and lights the whole of the long winter night. Every one must have noticed the exceeding beauty of a frosty moonlight night at this season, especially if snow be on the ground. The dark night is transformed with a fairy-like brightness. The trees stand decorated with millions of gems, and the traveller can discern his way nearly as well as by day.

Again, in summer the sun being far north, the full moon is far south, and rises late in the evening, though early enough to illumine the short summer night. In fact, both sun and moon reverse the old proverb, 'Early to bed and early to rise'; for if they rise early at any time, they go to bed late, and *vice versa*!

These two cases of summer and winter show us what happens when the full moon is farthest to the south or to the north in the sky. Now, in March and September she occupies, as we shall see, a position midway between her northern place and her southern, these two months of course being each like a half-way house between summer and winter. In fact, sun and full moon in their yearly changes are like two men walking round a circular track, obliged always to keep exactly opposite each other. The resemblance is closer, for our purpose, if we imagine four little houses to be erected round such a track, each towards one of the cardinal points. When man No. 1 is in the southern house, No. 2 must be in the north one; and when No. 1 is in the western house, No. 2 must be in the eastern. In June the sun is in his north house, and the full moon has to be in the south one. In December the opposite holds true. In March and September they are each in one of the half-way houses to the east and west.

And we see here what misled the author of the answer to which we referred before. He evidently thought that when the full moon was in any of these half-way houses, the same phenomena would occur. But he had failed to take account of a cardinal point in the matter—namely, the *direction in which she approaches and leaves the house*. And it is this *direction* which causes the harvest moon. Hence, we would ask our readers' careful attention to it. We will suppose our men to start, one from the north house, and the other from the south. Let No. 1, leaving the north, walk towards the west house first. If No. 2 is to keep *opposite* him, he must take his way to the *east* house, where he should arrive when No. 1 is entering the *west* one. But No. 1 will be travelling then southwards, and No. 2 towards the north. This is, in fact, what happens with sun and moon on the evening of full moon in September. The sun is nearly due west at his setting, and the full moon nearly due east at its rising. The sun is going southwards to his winter position, and the moon is rapidly going northwards.

Now, we have already seen that *going northwards* in the sky means *rising earlier in the evening*. Hence, about the time of full moon in

September, the moon has a strong tendency to rise earlier rather than later each evening. But its *natural* tendency, with which we are all more or less acquainted, is to rise *later* each evening by about an hour on the average. What we might call the *artificial* tendency, due to its northward motion in September, is not sufficient entirely to counteract this, but it does reduce it from its average of an hour or so, to about twenty minutes, and that for more than a week, about the time of ingathering of corn in this country. But, observe, this all depends on the fact that the moon is then moving north, night after night, for that time.

Now, we are prepared at once to understand why there is not a similar display in the month of March. The sun is then coming into his western house, travelling *northwards*, and the full moon passes her eastern one, of course going in the opposite direction, or *southwards*. Hence, as going northwards means rising earlier in the evening, going southwards means rising later. The full moon in March, therefore, has an artificial tendency to rise *later* every night, and this, added to her natural tendency always to do the same, makes her rise an hour and twenty minutes or so later each evening at that season. In fact, the artificial tendency due to her change of place north or south in the sky in September is *subtracted* from her natural tendency to rise later, and is *added* to it in March. Hence she lingers with us in the former month, and hastens rapidly away in the latter.

And in this we have a curious instance of the subtle interweaving of influences with which we are surrounded, and a suggestion of something on a higher plane than that of mere addition or subtraction. In March, the moon hastens to hide her feeble beams before the advancing might of approaching summer; and in autumn, she seems to linger to console man for the quick oncoming of the wintry darkness.

We might only add, for the information of any one desiring to pursue the problem further, that there is a likeness between the moons of March and September, only it is the *new* moon in March which behaves as the *full* one does in September, and of course that thin crescent does little to illumine our darkness.

JOHN VALE'S GUARDIAN.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,
Author of 'VAL STRANGE,' 'JOSEPH'S COAT,'
'RAINBOW GOLD,' etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

'MERRY Christmas, sir,' said the man who brought in Snelling's shaving water. The occupant of the bed grunted an answer which by its sound had little merriment or cordiality in it; but the man who waited on him was either in a resolute Christmas humour or did not notice Snelling's tone. 'Lovely morning, sir, real reglar down-right old-fashioned Christmas, sir. Snow six inches deep, sir, everywhere; and the wind that cold, sir, it cuts you like a razor.'

'What's there to be merry about in that?' growled Snelling.

'Don't know, sir,' the man returned. 'Christmas

weather, sir. It's the fashion to be cold at Christmas, sir; and a man might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.'

'Very well,' said Snelling. 'You needn't wait; I don't want you chattering here.'

The man retired, so far unabashed that Snelling heard him whistling in the corridor outside.

'What's Christmas to him, the fool?' he thought. 'What's it likely to be to me?'

He was not the man he had used to be. He had found out his nerves, and that is a woful discovery for any man to make. He slept ill, and had dreams which he could not remember, but which he knew were horrible. The sense of them clung to him in his waking hours and irritated and depressed him. He began to find himself liable to many fits of anger when things went wrong, and he knew very well that his chill rustic dignity of a year back would have served him turn better with the world.

He dressed and went down-stairs to a lonely breakfast in the coffee-room. A keen north-easterly wind was blowing, and the chimney smoked. At the first mouthful of breakfast he took, his teeth grated on a morsel of burnt coal which had fallen into the dish. He rang the bell angrily and rated the waiter; but the exercise afforded him little relief, if any. Other people were looking forward to a day of pleasure. He was looking forward to a day altogether blank and purposeless, a lonely and unsocial time beguiled by no occupation. The feeling of other people's contentment and happiness emphasised his solitude, and he felt bitter with the whole world. The landlord came in whilst he was marching gloomily up and down the room.

'You'll be going out to dinner, of course, Mr Snelling?'

'Who?' said Snelling. 'Me? No.'

'Not going out to dinner on Christmas day, sir?' said the landlord.

'I suppose,' his guest returned, straightening himself, 'that a man may dine where he pleases.'

'Oh, certainly, sir—certainly, sir! To be sure, Mr Snelling—to be sure. But unluckily, sir, I've given the cook a holiday, and she's gone already.'

'That's very pretty management,' Snelling answered angrily. 'So a man's to go without his dinner because it's Christmas day?'

'I never thought, sir,' said the landlord.

'Then you ought to have thought,' said the outraged customer. 'You ought to ha' come to me and be taught what to think. You've got a man staying in your house, and you send your cook away without asking by your leave or with your leave! You must give me leave to tell you, sir, you don't know how to keep a house of entertainment.'

'Really, Mr Snelling,' said the landlord, 'I never supposed'—

'That's what I'm telling you,' returned Snelling. 'You don't seem to have the sense to suppose.'

'I'm very sorry, sir,' returned the landlord. 'But if it comes to that, I've kept this house for thirty years without any help from Mr Snelling, and I shall look respectfully for'ard to keeping a roof over my head without his help in future.'

'Enough said,' Snelling answered. 'I shall quit the house when it suits my pleasure. We need say no more.'

He and the landlord, who had been neighbours since his boyhood and excellent friends hitherto, parted with bad blood between them. He was in a mood less like Christmas than ever, and last Saturday's newspaper, blotted, limp, and tattered, made him but an indifferent companion. When all's said and done, he had a superstitious reverence for the social superstitions of the day. It was a day on which to eat and drink and be merry, and not a day on which to mope alone and to live on the cold scraps of the larder. Christmas had never been particularly merry to him personally, so far as he could remember, for he was not a merry-making man; but he had a rooted respect for the social tradition, and Christmas without its roast sirloin, its turkey and sausages, and its plumpudding, was a mere monstrosity of time. The very paupers had their beef and plumpudding, and made their hearts merry on that one day of the year.

In an hour or two the landlord put in a second appearance. He was attired by this time in his best clothes, and was evidently ready to pay his Christmas visit. 'I hope there's no ill-will betwixt us, Mr Snelling,' he said. 'There's none o' my side. It was natural in you to be a bit angry, and I suppose it was natural in me to tek offence at it. I'd wish you a merry Christmas with all my heart, if it looked like much chance of your having one.'

'Theer, theer!' returned Snelling with half a sigh; 'let's say no more about it. You'd have asked if you'd ha' thought about it. It's not your business, nor yet your way, to be disoblighing. I was a bit too peppery, I daresay.'

'Come!' said the landlord, 'that's comfortable. I've got a drop o' brown sherry in the private bar, the like of which you don't see often. Just a glass now, Mister Snelling. It's Christmas morning, and that's what you can't say every day in the year.'

Snelling assented; and he and the plump landlord and the meagre landlady drank a glass of wine together and wished each other a merry Christmas. He had never felt so lonely in his life, and he could have clung to the landlord for company's sake. The pair drove away in their dogcart, and he waved them from the door. Then the one servant remaining in the house locked the place up and retired to her own quarters. The silence of the house was oppressive, and the loneliness and monotony of the minutes grew to seem scarcely endurable. The fear lest he should incense Shorthouse by his absence, and through him, should offend Cecilia, had always been present to his mind, but never so strongly as now. His lonely misery pushed him towards company, and was strong enough to have made the worse appear the better reason. If, as he more than three-fourths suspected, Jousserau was his rival, he himself was doing a foolish thing in staying away, and in giving his enemy a chance to put as dark a complexion as he could upon his character. On a sudden it seemed an act of madness to stay away. The one chance he had of a reconciliation with Cecilia lay in this Christmas dinner. If Jousserau's rivalry were real, and not a mere creation of his fancy, his one course was to let her see the two pretenders to her hand together and judge between them. He was very far from being afraid of comparison, for he

was simply powerless to judge of the faculties and charms which were on the artist's side.

'The wench'll want to marry a man, I reckon,' he thought, as he surveyed the reflection of his own stalwart shoulders. 'I could break that little chap across my knee. What's she likely to see in a fellow like him, a little black-avised chap the colour of a piece of coal? She'll want to marry a white man if she marries at all. If it got into her head as I was afraid to face him because of what he said about me—why, I've been no less than a fool to think of shunning him. The only way's to face her, and never to give her a minute alone with him if I can help it. I'll put Shorthouse up to it too. He's not the man to let his daughter marry a foreigner.'

Animated by this new resolve, he rang the bell, and the lonely servant answered from her distant quarters. 'I'm going out, young woman,' he said, addressing her, 'and I mayn't be home till midnight. See there's somebody left to sit up for me.'

The girl promised, and retired; and he went up to his own room to dress. He attired himself with scrupulous exactness. The fire had destroyed his wardrobe, and he had been obliged to provide himself with a complete outfit, so that everything he owned was brand-new. Since he took rather an unusual pride in his person for a man of his social position, the things were of the best. When he was fully attired, he surveyed himself with complete approval; and then summoning the girl anew, ordered her to undo the fastenings of the door, and so passed into the street. A four-mile walk in bright winter weather would make by no means a bad preparation for dinner. The six inches of snow upon the ground made little difference to him; but for comfort's sake, he carried a change of shoes neatly done up in brown paper under his arm.

He found, like most men, that bodily motion in the open air lent a brighter colour to his thoughts; and as he walked, his courage rose so fast that, by the time he had reached the old church in the vale and had so got fairly into the country, he felt like a man foredoomed to conquer. In his lower moods these fluctuations disturbed him, and he recognised his own changeableness of temper with great misgiving. But when the pleasanter hour recurred, it fed and warmed him like meat and fire, and he was always persuaded that the change was permanent.

He reached the house, and found that he had only just arrived in time. Jousserau was there already, and so also were Isaiah and Mrs Winter, who had brought young John with them. There also was a Beacon-Hargate lover with his lass, a young lady from Heydon Hey, an old school-fellow of Cecilia's, who obviously triumphed in her engagement, and audibly instructed her *fiance* in table matters.

'George, pour out your wine into the little glass, not the big one.—George, don't leave your napkin folded on the table.—George, don't eat with your knife; I do declare you make me shudder.' By these and similar exhortations, the young lady from Heydon Hey made the dinner-hour a time of joy, and indisputably

established her superiority of breeding over the young gentleman from Beacon-Hargate.

Cecilia sat at one end of the table, and the farmer at the other, and Snelling was rejoiced to find himself placed on the girl's right. Jousserau sat by the farmer at the other end, in a position where he could not even exchange a glance with her. The yeoman addressed most of his conversation to his fair neighbour; and his alternate drawl and snap sounded pretty constantly, as he regaled her with a disquisition on the breeding of beef, a subject which arose naturally from the presence of the roast sirloin.

'Theer's nothing like the rough Scotch for flavour, when they're in prime order and have been rested and well fed. A man 'ud no more think of buying 'em as milch-kine than he'd think of marrying an ugly old woman for love.' This was Mr Snelling's notion of gallantry, a genial mixture of implied compliment with solid converse. 'Mixed with the South Devon, I've known 'em do pretty well in that way even; but as for milk, for yield and quality, there's nothing like the Hereford.'

Jousserau talked with even less fluency than Snelling; but Cecilia thought that if he had been seated near her, he might have chosen other and more attractive themes. It is hard to be an unfavoured rival. The poor creature can do nothing right. The stupidest *banalities* of the chosen one will shine brighter than his most brilliant repartee, and if he happen to be the dull man of the two, the lady's conception of him is indeed mournful. Snelling flowed on unconscious so long as the dinner lasted, and conceived himself to be immensely entertaining and polite.

When at last the meal was over—and a Christmas dinner in that part of the world is not a thing to be hurried or to be treated lightly—the gentlemen sat down to a bottle of port, and the ladies retired to the best parlour for tea. The whole meal was strange to Jousserau, and he remarked it and its incidents with a humorous interest. It was about his ordinary hour for breakfast; and the appetites displayed by Isaiah, Snelling, and the farmer, and even by the young man from Beacon-Hargate, astonished him. The young man from Beacon-Hargate was at a disadvantage by reason of the watchfulness of the young lady from Heydon Hey; but he was a trencherman of no mean quality, and gained Shorthouse's cordial good-will by his strict attention to the business of the moment.

The little artist drank his single glass of wine, and found himself reproached by his host. 'The bottle's with you, Mr Jousserong,' said Shorthouse. 'Fill up and pass it on. Niver keep your neighbour thirsty of a Christmas day, of all days in the year.'

'Thank you,' said Jousserau. 'I have drink enough. I do never drink of a morning. I have not your English head.'—Snelling sat warm, full-fed, and self-satisfied, and complacently despised him.—'If you make no objection, I will join the ladies and take with them a cup of tea.'

'Let him go,' cried Snelling. A fellow who could hardly put two words together, who shirked his bottle after the first glass at a Christmas

dinner, and stood five feet four in his stockings, was a creature a true-born Briton might safely despise.

'Oh, come!' said Shorthouse; 'we must mek a better Englishman o' you than that. That ain't how you keep Christmas in your own country.'

'We do not much keep the Christmas in our country,' Jousserau answered; and the four who heard this statement fell back in their chairs and stared at him. Here, indeed, was a heathen state of things, an utter barbarism, the like of which they had never dreamed of.

With few further excuses, the foreigner was permitted to withdraw. The better instructed Britons remained behind, and got solemnly and stupidly bemused on the heavy and ripe old port which was the pride of Shorthouse's heart, and had been in his cellar when his father died. By-and-by they were aware of music in the adjoining room, to which the women-folk and Jousserau had withdrawn. This made them all the more comfortable and contented with themselves, for they knew that if they had been in the chamber where the music was going on, they would have been expected to sit munched and to look solemn. They looked solemn, and sat for the most part silent now; but then there is all the difference in the world between doing a thing because it comes natural at the moment and doing it in obedience to an ordinance you despise. Not one of the quartette knew anything about music, or cared more than he knew. The heady old port, the after-dinner lethargy, the warm fire, and the angles of the chairs into which they had fitted themselves, were all inviting.

When Jousserau entered the best parlour, he found Mrs Isaiah holding forth on the ailments incidental to early infancy, for the benefit of the young lady from Heydon Hey. Cecilia was seated by the fireside, rather languidly turning over the pages of a book. Her piano stood open near where she sat, and M. Jousserau, scheming to be near her, made a pretence of that fact, and strolling over to the instrument, turned over the pages of a volume of music which stood upon it. 'Oh, you have French songs,' he said suddenly turning to her. 'Do you speak, then, French?'

'Oh no,' she answered. 'There are English translations to all of them.' She turned round in her chair and read aloud the first line at which he had opened the volume: 'It was Dunoy, the young and brave.'

'A thousand excuses,' said Jousserau. 'Dunois. I beg your pardon. Perhaps it is Dunoy in English.'

'No, no,' said Cecilia; 'I am sure it is not. There is no such name in English. I am really obliged to you for telling me. I should like to be able to sing the French. We were supposed to learn at school; but I have forgotten, if ever I knew anything.'

'If I could have the pleasure to give you lessons,' said Jousserau eagerly.

The girl blushed, and at that the little artist blushed and began to flutter curiously. If he had kept his own old free-and-easy ways, he would have spoken his mind long ago, for in that respect he had been as quick in action as Denys of Burgundy himself. But there was a nimbus about this particular maiden, a sacred protecting light which half frightened him.

'You sing?' she asked, to cover her own confusion. 'Will you sing that for me, Monsieur Jousserau, and show me what the accent should be like?'

'I will try,' he answered modestly. 'But you must not laugh at me; I sing a little for my own amusement.' He took his seat at the piano, and struck out boldly the opening chords of *En partant pour la Syrie*. He had a mellow and powerful voice, fairly cultivated, and he sang, as might have been expected of him, with spirit and feeling. When he came to the last lines of the first verse, Cecilia was sure that one half the soldier's petition was already granted to him, and Jousserau was quite certain that he had the other:

That I might be the bravest knight,
And love the fairest fair.

Cecilia, though not yet aware of the character of her own sentiments, admired the little man beyond description. It goes without saying that she had never seen anybody like him; and in affairs of the heart, novelty goes for much. It counts for more when all the novelties are admirable, and Jousserau was not merely an astonishing artist, and vouched for by the vicar and his own manner as a gentleman, but he was alive from head to heel, unlike the bovine men she had lived amongst from her childhood, who knew neither how to feel nor express an unselfish interest in anything. The girl had never seen anything like his quick southern smile; nor anything, again, like his deferential and courteous manner; nor anything, again, like his generous, unpretending absence of any assumption of superiority over the rougher and less cultured people with whom he chose to mingle.

When Snelling and his *convives* came in at last, Jousserau was telling stories of his native Arles, and putting so much quaintness, verisimilitude, and fun into them that the two girls and the elder woman were brimming over with laughter.

'We've got nothing to thank you for, Isaiah,' said Mrs Winter; 'but if it hadn't been for Mr Jousseron we might have been as dull as ditch-water. I will say this for Mr Jousseron,' she added, still laughing with both hands spread out upon her knees, 'he's the best good company I ever met.'

The phrase stung Snelling, and left a dull, slow, burning pain of jealousy. Cecilia, like the others, was beaming with good-humour, and he thought with a pang that she had never looked so in his presence, and that he had no power to move her in that way. Very good, then; let a solid man show his own particular qualities. This foolish froth of fun, over which two silly young women, and one silly old one, were cackling with enjoyment was not the only thing in the world. The solid man did his best, and talked parish politics in that bassoon-like drawl of his, with its rise and snap in the middle of every sentence. Everybody listened perforce, but nobody laughed. He had killed the innocent and harmless gaiety, and Cecilia looked bored and weary. She went back to her book again, and began to turn its leaves over as listlessly as before. The orator resented her want of interest angrily; but he had neither the will nor the means to show his disapproval. The girl had been happy whilst she

talked with Jousserau. Was it possible that, after all, breadth of limb, length of purse, and solidity of character were not the only things to woo a woman to a marrying mind?

CHARTREUSE.

WHEN the republican government in France suppressed so many of the religious Orders, an exception was made in favour of the Carthusians of the Grande Chartreuse; and much occasion for satirical remark did this exception provoke, because the reason for the exception was so manifest—that the French were unwilling to drive a flourishing manufacture out of France into Switzerland, whither, or to Tyrol, the Carthusians would have migrated at once, carrying with them their secret, had the republican government resolved to extinguish them. But this was not the sole reason of the exception made in their favour: the Carthusians of the Grande Chartreuse pay to the state annually a duty of six hundred thousand francs for alcohol; and if the Carthusians were abolished, the state would accordingly be six hundred thousand francs the poorer annually, and Austria or Switzerland so much the richer. But that was not all. Another consideration was, that the expulsion of the Carthusians and the transference of their business elsewhere would most assuredly have roused disturbances in the Department of Isère.

The manufacture of the famous liqueur Chartreuse is a benefit to the entire Department, as the inhabitants are well aware, and relieves them from onerous rates. For the Carthusians who manufacture it are the members of a strict Order, one of the very strictest, and they do not want money for themselves; they live the most solitary and abstemious of lives, indulge in no splendour, not even of ecclesiastical buildings; and all the profits made by the sale of the liqueur, the secret of whose manufacture they alone possess, goes for the general good. It is said that the profits obtained from the sale of the liqueur amount to the annual sum of one hundred thousand pounds sterling—a princely income; but the Carthusians make a princely use of it. Almost all of the income is spent in the relief of the poor and in works of general utility. There is hardly a hospital or asylum of any sort in Dauphiné for sick, for insane, for orphans, that has not either been wholly founded or supported more or less by the Carthusians of the Grande Chartreuse. But this does not exhaust their munificence: they build bridges, contribute towards the construction of new roads, of schools and churches. They pay towards the conveyance of water by pipes and aqueducts to the towns from the pure mountain-springs. Further, hardly a tradesman who gets into difficulties in Grenoble and other towns and villages of the Department but appeals to the abbot of the Grande Chartreuse for help; and the abbot, after careful examination, and after having satisfied himself as to the honesty and respectability of the man in trouble, will lend him the money necessary to avert ruin without demanding interest on the sum. It is said—but such cases cannot be proved—that the Carthusians have come to the assistance of certain officials who had

not dealt over-scrupulously with public money in their trust, and have saved their reputations, and given them opportunities of recovering themselves.

Recently, not a little uneasiness reigned in the Department, for it was rumoured that the house of Rothschild had offered to buy the manufacture and the receipt of the General of the Order for the sum of eighty millions of francs. We can understand that this offer was a tempting one, if it had been made; for the manufacture of the liqueur had greatly extended, and was extending annually, to the disturbance of the object for which the Order was constituted. That Order was established by St Bruno to be no other than a collection of hermits. The Carthusians are not like ordinary friars and monks; they do not meet in hall for common meals. Each hermit has his own cell and garden, or yard, a little workshop, and a sleeping apartment. His food is handed in to him through a trap-door in the wall, so constructed that neither he who serves nor he who receives the food can see each other. Each monk is required to exercise some trade or profession, as idleness is strictly contrary to rule. The monks live on the simplest diet; and meet each other only in church for united offices, with one exception. That one exception is a peculiarity of the Order. Every Saturday the gates of the monastery are thrown open, and the monks have perfect liberty for a couple of hours to make excursions and take walks together—solitary if they like, or in twos and threes, just as pleases them, and talk as much as they like.

Now, with men under such a rule and adhering to it with the utmost strictness, the growth of the great business of Chartreuse-making must be somewhat of an encumbrance, and the temptation must be great to be rid of it. The belief, very prevalent in the Department, is, that the house of Rothschild desire, having effected the purchase, to turn the manufacture into a Joint-stock Company. This prospect by no means pleases the inhabitants of the Department. It is said, and again denied, that Pope Leo XIII. favoured the project of the Rothschilds when mooted some years ago; and that he sent a messenger to the General of the Order strongly urging the abandonment of the manufacture. The *Osservatore Romano*, however, denies that this was so.

There has occurred friction between Rome and the Order on other occasions; notably, when, after the taking of Rome by the Italians, Pius IX., feeling the loss of his income through the absorption of the Papal States into Italy, sought indemnification through Peter's Pence. He then demanded of the Carthusians an annual subvention of a million francs. This they considered as extortionate, and the General remonstrated. The pope insisted. Thereupon, the General lost patience, and declared that the Order would only pay into the papal coffers what it chose, and would bind itself to no particular sum. As may be imagined, such opposition did not meet with favour at the Vatican, and the Benedictines have been encouraged to rival the Carthusians with a liqueur of their own composition; so also have the monks of Tre Fontane, with the 'Eucalyptica,' derived from the Eucalyptus plantations in the Campagna near Rome; but none of these can, in the estimation of connois-

seurs, equal the delicate flavour of the Chartreuse. This liqueur leaves the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse, in Dauphiné, in peculiarly formed, low, broad bottles, with the label and seal bearing the arms of the convent and the letters 'D.O.M.' (Deo Optimo Maximo) as pledges of genuineness.

It must not be supposed that the monks are engaged in distillation of spirits and the mixing of herbs and bottling of liqueur. They live apart from the manufacture in their abbey in the High Alps of Dauphiné, and the manufacture takes place in extensive factories in the same mountain basin, but disconnected with the abbey. This abbey of the Grande Chartreuse is the headquarters of the Order, which has other houses in France, Italy, Switzerland, and Austria—in all, fifteen. The manufacture is carried on by paid operatives, and the village population is employed in the collection of the requisite herbs. Some of these are becoming scarce owing to the extent to which they have been gathered. The herbs are mixed with *eau-de-vie*, which is purchased by the abbey, not manufactured by it, and then they are distilled along with the spirit. Only one of the monks, the Steward, supervises the operations; and only one of these operations is conducted in secret, and that is the mixture of the herbs, in which consists the secret. The rest of the brothers of the Order have nothing whatever to do with the manufacture; they follow their silent, quiet life independent of it.

The manufacture of Chartreuse is of comparatively modern origin. Till 1835, in the Grande Chartreuse alone, an elixir was made of certain herbs steeped and distilled in brandy for medicinal purposes; and it was solely as a remedy that the original Chartreuse was employed and distributed by the brothers. That their decoction would become a liqueur for the palate of luxury never occurred to them. In time, however, both the manufacture was improved and the fame of its excellence extended; so that the rude old workshops in which the brothers distilled the herbs no longer sufficed, and new buildings were erected, and operatives came into that Alpine basin to lend their aid to the perplexed and overworked brothers. Now, the manufacture has called into existence quite a small town. Formerly, three kinds of Chartreuse were made—the white, the yellow, and the green; but the white has been abandoned of late years. The green is both the strongest and the most expensive. There is more alcohol in the green than in the yellow. It is hinted that the reverend fathers themselves regard a blend of the two as the perfection of the liqueur in the proportions of one-third green to two-thirds yellow.

Near Florence is the Certosa, in the Val d'Emmo, where the Carthusians also manufacture a Chartreuse liqueur, green, deliciously flavoured with angelica. The monks are suppressed, and only a few old ones linger on, and are not permitted to take novices. Hence their Chartreuse will probably perish with them. In Florence itself the Dominicans of Sta Maria Novella had also their manufactory of elixirs and scents. They have been dispersed, and the Government has sold their manufactory, their very pots—and portraits of the inventors of the several elixirs—to speculators, who are installed in their room, and who trade

on the old credit of the manufactures of the banished friars.

Will the Chartreuse of the future have the qualities in such perfection as that of the present? Will the guarantee of a Joint-stock Company be as reliable as that of the Order of St Bruno? The amount of Alpine plants is limited. More than a certain quantity of the liqueur cannot be sent forth in the year, and this it is which gives to the Chartreuse its high cost. We can hardly expect that a Company will be as scrupulous in adhering to the receipt. Let us hope that the good brothers will not sell their secret and their factory, but still send forth the bottles labelled D.O.M.

MRS LAMSHED'S WILL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—MR DOTTLESON IS PUZZLED.

MR MONTAGUE DOTTLESON, East India merchant of Calcutta and London, was writing letters in the library of his private residence in Blakewood Square, Kensington. It was Sunday afternoon, and the rain was coming down with steady persistency, as though it had made up its mind to keep Londoners indoors for the rest of the day. Mr Dottleson, who was a methodical man in everything, made a regular practice of going for a long walk every Sunday after lunch; and when the weather presumed to interfere with this arrangement the effect upon his temper was infelicitous. Accordingly, it is our misfortune to present him to the reader at a moment when he is decidedly snappish and surly.

'Very aggravating,' said he, throwing down his pen and going to the window; 'no chance of its clearing up either. How I detest a wet Sunday!'

He picked up a book, and made himself comfortable in an armchair; but he had hardly read a page when the door opened and his daughter Kate appeared. She was a fair, pretty girl of twenty, whose gentleness and tact saved her from coming in collision with her irascible parent at times when other members of the household shrank from the consequences of intruding upon his privacy.

'Well, what's the matter?' asked Mr Dottleson curtly.

'Grandmamma isn't feeling very well this afternoon, papa.'

Kate had not completed her errand, but knew from her father's manner that she had come in at a time when it was best to say as little as possible; when he was in this humour, he was certain to jump at any opportunity for grumbling, and would finish her message for her.

'She wants that doctor, I suppose?' snarled Mr Dottleson.

'Perhaps we had better send for him.'

Mr Dottleson threw down his book and frowned savagely. 'Isn't it a very singular thing, Kate, that your maternal grandmother should select this impecunious young prig Lakeworth to be her medical attendant, when there are half-a-dozen experienced practitioners living within a stone's-

throw of the square? Isn't it very curious that Mrs Lamshed never knew what illness was or asked to see a doctor until she met this Dr Lakeworth at Scarborough last summer? Her confidence in him is positively touching, and passes my comprehension altogether.'

It was evidently a mystery to Kate also, for she shook her head slowly and looked out of the window. It was a fad of her grandmother's to have Dr Lakeworth; and when a patient has reached the eighties, perhaps one physician can do little more than another.

'I don't know why she likes him, papa.'

'I suppose you must send for him; but I don't imagine he will thank Mrs Lamshed for bringing him through a mile and a half of back streets on a day like this, just to tell her that her heart is much the same as it was the day before yesterday.'

Kate left the room without making any reply, and her father walked over to the hearthrug and proceeded to address the figure he saw reflected in the mirror above the mantel-piece. Many people have a habit of 'talking to themselves,' and Mr Dottleson cultivated it to a remarkable extent; it was his peculiarity, though, that he could not take himself properly into confidence unless he saw himself in the glass. He stood with his left hand thrust into his waistcoat pocket, emphasising the remarks he made half aloud with his right forefinger.

'Now, will you have the goodness to tell me what my mother-in-law wants with this young medico? He's got no practice to speak of; he's got nothing any one can see to recommend him, and he lives most inconveniently far away. Ever since she met him last year, she has required medical advice, and no advice but his will do. When she thinks she's seedy, he's called in to earn a fee; and when she's well, he's called in to receive it. He's never out of the house. I wonder he doesn't take lodgings next door, to be close to the gold mine.—I tell you candidly,' continued Mr Dottleson, suddenly withdrawing his hand from his pocket and tapping the palm impressively with his finger-tips—'I tell you candidly that if I didn't know the old lady would alter her will without compunction, I'd forbid Dr Charles Lakeworth the house.—Why, bless my heart! if Mrs Lamshed lives ten years longer, she'll spend every shilling of her twenty thousand in physic and fees.'

This final prediction, although made by himself, so worked upon Mr Dottleson that he swung round upon his heel and stamped on the floor.

Mrs Lamshed, who was the mother of his departed wife, was eighty-one years of age, and in spite of her frequent calls for the doctor, gave every promise of maintaining her interest in mundane affairs for ten or even twenty years longer. 'I'm an old woman,' she was wont to say; 'but I was an old woman when I was forty, and I haven't grown a day older since—not a day.'

And indeed Mrs Lamshed seemed almost as active and sprightly now as she had been half a century ago. Fourteen years before, the middle-aged, dust-dried lawyer who looked after her concerns had come to urge the desirability of making her will.

'Make my will!' cried she. 'I'll make it, if you're afraid you won't live to do it, Smuggles;

but I hadn't begun to think about it yet! Why should I?' However, the solicitor's arguments prevailed, and the thing was done, 'to oblige her old friend, who had always taken good care of her affairs, and was in a hurry to finish them.' And though the fact has no bearing upon this story, we may mention that the engrossing of Mrs Lamshed's will was the last bit of professional work the careworn Smuggles ever did for his client. He was twenty years her junior; but he passed from Lincoln's Inn to another place long before she began to use spectacles. The spring of vitality was strong in Mrs Lamshed.

Mr Dottleleson turned away from the mirror to which he had been confiding his woes, and went up-stairs to see his mother-in-law, whom he found in the drawing-room with Kate.

'I'm sorry to hear you're not well,' he said, going to her side.

The old lady looked up and smiled. 'I'm getting very feeble, Montague, though I don't look it. I am not quite up to the mark, and thought I'd like to see Lakeworth.'

'They sent for him half an hour ago. But don't you think, now, that a more experienced man should be called in?'

'Lakeworth will do nicely, Montague; he understands my constitution.'

When an old lady is convinced that one particular man 'understands her constitution,' no reasoning will move her. Mr Dottleleson knew this, and did not press the expediency of making a change.

'What do you think is wrong, this time?' he said, sitting down near her.

'It's the heart,' replied Mrs Lamshed with a deep sigh, which did not seem quite genuine somehow.

Mr Dottleleson tried to put on a look of grieved anxiety, but only succeeded in appearing sulky and incredulous. 'I trust not—I hope you're mistaken,' he said. 'I must speak to Dr Lakeworth when he comes.'

His tone implied that he held the young man personally responsible for the condition of Mrs Lamshed's heart, whatever it might be, and intended to know what he meant by it. He rose as he spoke and went back to the library, where he tried to interest himself once more in his book.

'I don't think papa likes Dr Lakeworth,' said Kate, as soon as the door had closed behind her parent.

'I don't know why, I'm sure; but he doesn't seem so pleased to see him as you do, child.'

Kate laughed a little, and said no more. It was her heart, and not her grandmother's, which gave reason for Charles Lakeworth's frequent visits; and the eagerness with which she pounced upon any excuse for calling him in to see Mrs Lamshed had been a fruitful source of amusement to that lady, until she allowed Kate to see that she understood the manoeuvre.

Mr Dottleleson had never thought of his mother-in-law's favourite in connection with his daughter. He was essentially a grasping mercenary man, and the fear always before his eyes was, that Mrs Lamshed might alter her will and bequeath her property to this doctor. He had heard of ladies who had cut off their rightful heirs in favour of their medical attendants, and Mrs Lamshed was

eccentric enough for anything. If any one had told him that Kate was the attraction, he would have laughed at the idea. She had nothing, and would have nothing but what he chose to give her; and it was not likely that a man who had to push his way in the world would encumber himself with a wife. Dr Lakeworth was dancing attendance on the old lady in the hope of getting her money, and really she seemed so fond of him that the danger was making him very uneasy.

He got up and opened the door slightly, that he might hear the doctor's arrival, and also ascertain whether Kate stayed in the room during Mrs Lamshed's interview with the young man. Dr Lakeworth went straight up-stairs when he came, and remained with the two ladies for fully an hour and a quarter, whilst Mr Dottleleson sat fuming and fidgeting in the library below.

'Much value the fellow's time must be,' he sneered, looking at his watch, when the door up-stairs opened, and Mrs Lamshed's shrill cracked voice arose, cautioning the doctor not to forget that he had promised to come and see her on Tuesday.

'I'll waylay him as he goes out, and find out, once for all, whether there's any actual necessity for these incessant visits.'

'Good-afternoon, Mr Lakeworth,' he said, meeting the doctor in the hall. 'Just come this way for a moment, if you please.' He led the way into the library, motioning the young man to follow him with the pompous air which had gained him the sobriquet of 'Majestic Monty' among his City friends.

'I wished to ask you whether there is any cause for anxiety regarding Mrs Lamshed's health,' he said when Charles Lakeworth was seated.

'Mrs Lamshed is under the impression that she is suffering from some internal malady; but I am unable to detect anything amiss. Of course any organic complaint would be serious to one of her advanced age; but I have no reason to suppose there is the least cause for anxiety.'

Perhaps the confident tone of Dr Lakeworth's reply irritated his questioner; for Mr Dottleleson put on his most majestic air, and fixing his *pince-nez* on his somewhat rubicund nose, he elevated that feature until he could bring his dull fish-like eyes to bear upon his companion. 'Is that your opinion?' he asked with light stress on the possessive pronoun.

'That's my opinion,' responded the doctor quietly.

'Then there's no actual necessity for your rather frequent professional visits?'

'I can do nothing for Mrs Lamshed but allay her fears about herself. They are groundless; but a lady of her years is naturally prone to make much of any little feeling of indisposition.'

Mr Dottleleson lay back in his chair, considering what he had better say next. If he made any attempt to discourage Dr Lakeworth's calls, it would infallibly come to his mother-in-law's ears, and her resentment might produce results very detrimental to himself. It would not do to attack the position from this side, when he had only his suspicions to work upon; it would be less risky to go to the root of the matter with Mrs Lamshed. He rose from his chair and extended his hand. 'I'll say good-evening, then, Mr Lake-

worth: you have relieved my mind very much regarding your patient.'

Charles Lakeworth left the house, and Mr Dottleson went in search of his mother-in-law. He meant to lose no time in putting her on her guard against this insidious enemy; but he knew that he would have to approach the subject very carefully.

'I am very pleased to learn from Dr Lakeworth that your fears about yourself are unfounded,' he said cheerfully.

'Oh yes; he thinks I'm all right,' replied Mrs Lamshed. 'I've great confidence in Lakeworth.'

'I'm afraid he takes advantage of it to drain your purse pretty heavily in fees.'

'He wants 'em,' replied the old lady dryly. 'Poor fellow! he finds it hard to make both ends meet. But he'll make his way; I'm going to help him.'

It was bad enough to hear that this hanger-on was sent for more to benefit himself than the patient; but Mrs Lamshed's last words made Mr Dottleson turn red with anger. 'Help,' in his vocabulary, was synonymous with money, and here was his mother-in-law coolly telling him, her heir, that she was going to give help to an utter stranger who had no claim upon her whatever. It was quite time that he did speak to her, so he cleared his throat and began without more ado: 'You know that of late it has often occurred to me that Dr Lakeworth's attention to you is not so disinterested as it should be. I may be wrong, but I cannot get over the idea that he has some ulterior designs upon us.'

Mrs Lamshed put on her spectacles and stared at her son-in-law. 'Do you suppose I'm a fool, Montague Dottleson?'

'My dear madam, you misapprehend my meaning,' said Mr Dottleson with anxious suavity; 'but really I have known such frequent cases in which kind-hearted ladies have been led away by their gratitude towards scheming physicians. I never for an instant imagined that Dr Lakeworth or any one else would be able to bend your sturdy sense of what is right and just so as to serve his own interests; but he comes so frequently, he stays so long, and—'

'And you think Lakeworth expects my money when I've done with it, and comes here to keep my friendship for him alive?'

'I am bound to confess that this had crossed my mind.'

The old lady leaned over, and tapped her son-in-law gently on the knuckles with her spectacle case as she replied: 'You are the fool, Montague Dottleson. You're as blind as a mole. If you hadn't betrayed these unworthy suspicions about an honourable man, I might have opened your eyes for you; but since you have such an undeservedly bad opinion of him, I shall leave you to grope your own way to daylight. I've made my will, Montague, and you know what it says; but there's plenty of time to add a codicil to it, you know—plenty of time.'

Mr Dottleson saw that he had made a grave mistake in mentioning his distrust; but he could not repair it now, and beat a hasty retreat. Mrs Lamshed had hinted broadly that there was something going on which he was too blind to see, and which she was going to let him find out for himself. Whatever it might be, he would be very

cautious in making his investigations; that remark about the possibility of making a codicil had gone home, for he knew it had not been spoken idly. The will as it stood was in his own favour. Mrs Lamshed had bluntly observed when she made it, that Kate was only six years old, and there was no knowing what she might grow up like; so her money should be left to one who would at least take care of it—namely, Montague Dottleson. She had a higher opinion of her son-in-law at that time than she had now; but he had always been kind and attentive since she went to live with him, and she had seen no reason, so far, to alter her designs.

'What can the man be after, if it isn't the money?' queried Mr Dottleson on the hearthrug of Mr Dottleson in the mirror. 'He can't be so much attracted by Kate. She's a pretty girl and a good girl; but she's got nothing. Then, again, her grandmother was always of a saving turn of mind, and she wouldn't encourage him to pay expensive visits if she had no object in view. It's absurd to suppose that she pays him to come here for nothing. If he admired Kate, he'd come without being sent for, and her grandmother can't fail to know that.'

His mental vision had been so dimmed by the atmosphere of money in which his life had been passed, that he did not understand the possibility of man or woman being guided by any other motive. Love was a misty unreality outside the pale of his reasoning powers, and therefore did not enter into his speculations at all. His affection for Kate took the characteristic shape of finding a wealthy husband for her; she might choose for herself, as she had a right to; but measuring her heart by the size of his own, it never struck him that her choice might fall upon a man whom he would reject as ineligible.

THE LINCOLNSHIRE 'WARPINGS.'

A WASTE of soft brown mud, glistening in the sun, save where it is overgrown with a matted carpet of rankest, greenest water-weed, or shadowed by a tall forest of gray-plumed reeds. Here and there a solitary post, or a long line of short stumps and rails—all that is still visible of what was once a five-foot fence—throws its dark reflection upon the smooth surface as upon a mirror. Countless birds of the sort that delight in marshes and still pools wheel through the air, run over the flats, or swim in the narrow channels that wind in and out in all directions between sloping banks of mud. You stand upon a low reed-fringed bank, raised by man's hand above the dead level of the surrounding country. In front, as also to right and left, stretch similar banks—the dark frame enclosing the scarred mirror of mud between. Behind you, far away in the blue haze, a line of small hills bounds the horizon. It is low-tide on the 'warpings.'

Three hours have gone by. You stand, as before, on the bank; but all is changed except the banks and the hills. Before you ripples a sea of turbid water, brown as the mud which it has covered, and breathing still a salt breath of the sea from which it has come. The flats, the pools, the patches of green weed have disappeared. The very reeds have vanished, all

but their feathery heads that sway and nod, in a drowned way, just above the surface. The birds, too, are gone, save where a few gulls scream and tumble about some floating fish, or a flight of wild-ducks whistle in the invariable wedge-like order through the evening sky. The water eddies at your feet, ruffled by the rising breeze, splashes spitefully against its banks, and hurries on with knots of white spume starring its brown flood. It is high-tide on the 'warpings.'

All along the banks of the Trent and the Yorkshire Ouse lie acres of land reclaimed from the sand and heather that once were their sole produce. Now they are golden with corn-fields or green with the dark forests of potatoes for which Lincolnshire is famous. Between the eras of wilderness and cultivation came that of warping, when the soil lay alternately drowning under the flow, starving under the ebb of the great tidal rivers. For it is the river that has wrought the change and spread fertility over the once sterile ground. In a few years, when the soil is again exhausted, the fields of potatoes and corn will again disappear beneath the waters, to emerge revived by their power.

Twice in the twenty-four hours the tide rushes up from the Humber, covering the interminable sandbanks that choke the great estuary, and the long flats that skirt the river's banks; and as it comes, it sweeps on with it always a new load of silt, stolen from those flats and banks, to be deposited wherever the tide reaches in a soft, smooth, fertilising layer. Each tide will leave its contribution. When the flow is less strong, it brings a lighter quantity of silt; but when the change of the moon brings stronger tides, when the east wind forces the waters of the North Sea westward in greater volume, the river rises in its might. The in-coming flood, pent back by the sand-bars of the Humber, rears up in a wall of discoloured water, and sweeping forward with a hoarse murmur from shore to shore, gathers fresh force and height as it crowds within the narrowing banks, until it forms a resistless torrent seven or eight feet above the level of the stream up which it rushes. It goes ill then with any boat which lies too near the shore or rides at too short an anchor. Everything must yield to the flood. The click of the capstans as the cable is paid out echoes over the river long before the roar of the 'eagre' is heard; and the barges lie with slackened chain ready to rise on the sudden wave—for rise they must or be buried in the whirl of foam and mud. The heaviest vessel is lifted up and tossed round like a cork; and as the 'eagre' rushes along amongst the stones and reeds, it tears up the mud—'warp,' as it is named—in huge mouthfuls, churns it up in its murky eddies, and carries it far away up the stream. In three hours' time the tide is spent. From bank to bank the river is full to the brim. Mud-flats, reeds, and stones have alike disappeared; and from far away in the fields about you may see the very hulls of the barges sailing on and the sunlight glittering on the metal-work of the great coal-steamers as they pant up the now silent river.

It is this flood which, like that of the Nile, is turned to account by the farmers whose lands march upon the Trent and Ouse. Throughout

the lower reaches of the two rivers the banks are studded with black doors or shuttles of solid timber framed in strong masses of stone. Behind is a 'dyke' or 'warping drain,' through which the river is led to the required spot. Sometimes this dyke will be twenty yards or more across; often less than half that width. The doors, opening outward towards the river, enable the keeper to control the tide as he pleases; for if they are once closed, the strongest pressure from without only closes them the more tightly. But when they are set wide and the river is rising, the thunder of the stream as it rushes through the narrow entrance, lashed into creamy whiteness in its downward plunge, boiling, eddying, foaming, shaking the solid masonry above like an earthquake, makes itself heard for miles over the low lands beyond. So swiftly comes the tide, that no doors can admit it fast enough; the level of the water in the dykes is always below that of the still rising river. Even when the river has ceased to rise and the ebb has been long in progress, the water still plunges furiously through the 'drain-heads' to seek the lower level of the drain within.

No artificial means are needful to carry the water to the destined spot. The broad area that lies between the wolds of Yorkshire on the one side and those of Lincolnshire on the other—the basin of the Trent, Ouse, and Don—is unbroken for miles by any elevation. Far as eye can see, extend the so-called 'Carrs' or 'Levels,' intersected by dykes, dotted with farmhouses and hamlets, and sparsely varied with such trees as love the lowlands and are of speedy growth, willows, aspens, elders, and poplars. But no hill, not even a knoll or an artificial barrow, breaks the monotony of the view; and the river is restrained only by its well-kept banks from submerging the surrounding fields. At odd times, under the strain of a rainy autumn or a flood-tide of unusual height, the bank gives way. A narrow crack opens in the rampart of clay. For a moment the water spurts through in an inoffensive jet; an instant later, the bank yawns from top to bottom, and the river bursts out in a mighty torrent. The solid walls of earth that have stood for years are torn down like a child's sand-castle on the beach; the crops are ploughed up and swept away; and the desolation is only checked by some intervening bank that marks the area of some old 'warping.' But such floods are rare. Experience has taught the necessity of maintaining the banks in good order—experience bought of up-torn roads, of corn-sheaves rotting in the mud, and above all, of acres of potatoes submerged and slowly rotting away. For the farmers of North Lincolnshire and of Ireland alike pin their faith to the crop of 'tatars.'

And yet the same flood which can ruin in an hour a whole season's labour, becomes, when controlled, the Lincolnshire farmer's greatest ally. It is not many years since the land from Gainsborough to Goole, and from Goole to Hull, was a marshy waste, not unlike the Essex saltings, where only some solitary gunners could find subsistence by shooting and netting amidst its countless thousands of wildfowl. Now it is a land of corn and pasturage—not a rich land, perhaps, and not beautiful as are the Shropshire

plain and the weald of Kent; but yet the outlook from Alkborough Cliff, where the Lincolnshire hills abut in a steep spur upon the junction of the Trent and Ouse at their foot, is wonderfully pleasing. Eastward lies the Humber, reaching away to Spurn and the German Ocean. Northward the Ouse winds in and out amidst its 'levels,' through Goole, with its docks and shipping; through Howden, nestling amongst its elms, where is still held one of the oldest horse-fairs of horse-loving Yorkshire; by Cawood Ferry, where Dick Turpin crossed the stream on his famous last ride; by Selby, whose tall spire is a landmark for miles around; and on to York, whose towers may be dimly seen through the haze on a clear day. Westward lies the Trent, bright as silver; and amongst the wide corn-lands that lie between the twin rivers gleams now and again the smaller stream of the Don, upon whose banks, on the farthest horizon, the Romans have left their memorial in Doncaster—'the fort upon the Don.' Alkborough Cliff is the termination of those hills which form the eastern boundary of the vale of Trent. To your right and left they slope to the very verge of the river and its estuary, and reappear far beyond in the bolder and loftier Yorkshire wolds. The hamlet lies at your back, half hidden in the trees; and your feet stand upon an old-fashioned circular maze. Below, in the river—barely a stone's throw distant, it seems—the keels and schooners are lying at anchor; and you catch the click of the cables again as they prepare for the incoming tide, or the faint stroke of the shipwright's mallet where the trees hide the diminutive dockyard of Burton, below the slope, on your left. Truly, the old Saxon who first beached his *cool* at the hill foot and established himself here, can have had small idea of the rich scene of town and village, crops and herds, which his descendant of this century should look upon from this same Alkborough Cliff.

ARMSTRONG'S REVENGE.

ONE bright June morning not many years ago, a big unganly farm-servant, holding by a halter a large and uncouth plough-horse, stood before the shut door of a battered wooden building, the surroundings of which at once proclaimed it to be a smithy, although through the chinks in its weather-beaten walls no forge-fire gleamed or cheery hammer rang. The ploughman, astonished to see the place shut at an hour long after that at which the blacksmith usually started work, retired a pace or two and gazed up at the chimney; and not seeing even the faintest trace of smoke issuing thence, he turned and looked about him with a puzzled expression on his face. A man breaking stones on the other side of the road, noticing the farm-servant's bewilderment, approached, and, after the usual morning salutation, proceeded to explain what had become of the blacksmith. We will give that explanation in our own words.

Hamilton Armstrong was the name of the blacksmith in question. His workshop was situated close to a wayside station on the main line of one of the great Scotch railways, but at a considerable distance from any town or village. Being, however, kept pretty busy at work for the neighbouring farmers, and being consequently well-to-

do, and having, moreover, as his nearest female neighbour, a very pretty girl, the daughter of the porter at the station, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should wish to make her his wife. Unfortunately, this was more easily determined on than done, for he had a rival. This rival was the driver of a goods-train which was almost daily shunted into the siding near Sarah's house, to allow of a passenger express passing, and who took advantage of this momentary respite to chat with the porter's daughter. Whether it was because he was a far-away bird that his feathers seemed fairer than Armstrong's in Sarah's sight, or whether he was intrinsically a man of more worth, the gossips—for there were gossips even in those solitudes—were not agreed. Rightly or wrongly, however, Sarah gave him the preference.

Having made up his mind to ask Sarah to be his wife, Armstrong was not long in finding an opportunity for doing so. Though he knew he had a rival, he was hardly prepared to hear from Sarah that she had already promised to marry Duffy, the engine-driver. But Armstrong was not going to yield without making a special effort to win her. He pleaded long and fervently with her to retract her promise to his rival, whom he was persuaded she had only accepted because he had been the first to ask her. But Sarah was quite sincere, Duffy being really the man of her choice; and Armstrong pleaded in vain.

For the next week or two, the blacksmith moped about and did scarcely any work. On the day on which Sarah's marriage was to take place he left the smithy in the evening, and went wandering into the country, returning late at night. Next morning, he went away again, now walking with uneasy step along the quiet country lanes, and now sitting dejectedly by the roadside, muttering to himself. The neighbours soon came to hear of his strange behaviour; and it was whispered that he must have gone out of his senses, as an uncle of his had done under a similar affliction.

'That was yesterday,' the stone-breaker wound up, 'and he's away along the road by the railway this morning. They should look after him, or he'll be lying down in front of some train, or jumping down into the deep rock-cutting and breaking his neck.'

If Hamilton Armstrong had not gone mad as the people supposed, he certainly acted like a madman. Stung to the quick by his rejection, he had no heart for his work. He shut up his smithy, and went out to try to walk off the fever that burned within him. Proceeding along the path by the side of the railway, his heart filled with bitter hatred, the idea of taking a terrible revenge upon Duffy gradually shaped itself in his mind. At first, he tried to shut his ears to the suggestions of the tempter; but little by little he grew familiarised with the idea, until he got so demoralised that he began to think in a speculative way how he could best avenge himself upon the engine-driver. Duffy's train always passed the station, going east, about half-past seven in the evening. Shortly before it came the twenty-seven minutes past seven passenger train. The device of placing an obstruction on the line suggested itself, only to be immediately set aside.

At this point in his meditations, the sound of a signal going down suggested to him the idea of tampering with the signals.

He returned home and retired to rest. Tossing restlessly on his bed, he was revolving in his mind his various schemes of revenge, when a diabolical idea struck him of a plan whereby he would be able to accomplish his object without leaving any trace of foul-play, so that the whole blame of the catastrophe would fall upon Duffy, who would not survive to tell his side of the story, or even if he did, and asserted his innocence, would not be believed. Armstrong noticed that if the counter-weight at the bottom of the signal-post were lifted up, it would allow the signal-arm to go down, just as if it had been lowered by means of the lever in the signal-cabin, the wire between the cabin and the counter-weight remaining motionless all the time; while as soon as the counter-weight was lowered again, no trace would remain of the signal having been touched. By adopting this mode of lowering the signal, the objection to his last-mentioned plan would be done away with. The only danger would be that the pointsman might notice that the signal was down; but that was not likely, as the lifting of the counter-weight would not affect the lever in the signal-box, and it was improbable that the signal-man's eyes would be drawn towards the signal when he was not either lowering it or pulling it up. This plan would enable Armstrong to get some distance away, and so prevent suspicion fastening upon him; and the fact of the signal being found all right afterwards would preclude all possibility of a suspicion of the signal having been tampered with.

Armstrong had begun his speculations with the view only of discovering how he could be avenged on Duffy, if he wished to avenge himself. The successful issue of them in a plan securing at once death to his rival and immunity from detection to himself was the cause of his resolving to go further. Thus by imperceptible degrees he had been drawn into plotting to murder.

In an almost gleesome mood he rose in the morning and hastened along the embankment to the signal which he proposed to use for his dreadful purpose. The signal stood at about the deepest part of a long rock-cutting, and was planted on the slope of a small embankment above the cutting. An examination of the place satisfied Armstrong that the best plan to adopt would be to attach a long cord to the counter-weight, and, taking the cord in his hand, to climb the signal-post, so as to command a long stretch of the line and be able to lower the signal-arm at the right moment; for to be a moment too soon or too late would be fatal to his plan.

His plan was now matured; but a long period of waiting elapsed before an opportunity for carrying it into effect presented itself. With the patience and perseverance of a wild animal waiting for its prey, he betook himself evening after evening to the signal by various roundabout routes, so as to ensure that no one would know that he went to the same place every day, affixed his cord to the counter-weight, and waited—only to see the passenger train dash past without slackening speed and pass the distance-signal without stopping.

At length, when the days had crept in consider-

ably, and thus rendered the evenings more suitable for the carrying out of his plan, as one evening he listened anxiously in the dusk to the sound of the approaching passenger train, a thrill of pleasure shot through him, for he noticed that it was slackening speed. Taking the cord in his hand, he climbed rapidly up the signal-post, and was overjoyed to find the passenger train stopping just on the station side of the distance-signal. Trembling with excitement, he turned in the direction whence the goods-train would come and anxiously awaited the sound of its approach. Several seconds, which to him seemed hours, elapsed before there was any sign of the approach of the goods-train. The passenger train, however, still stood at the distance-signal, throwing up long oblique lines of light into the misty air. At length with fluttering heart he caught the faint sound of Duffy's train approaching, and soon the head-lights, overshadowed by a cloud of steam, golden with the furnace-light, began to twinkle dimly, like stars at twilight, in the distance.

'Now or never,' thought Armstrong, taking two or three turns of the cord round his hand. He then tugged lustily at the cord; but the counter-weight would not rise. With an oath, he twisted his legs round the signal-post, passed the cord through the lattice-work a little above him, so as to obtain a better purchase, seized the cord with both hands and pulled with all his might. The weight yielded to this violent effort: the signal-arm descended. Armstrong's wild laugh of joy at the accomplishment of his nefarious purpose was almost immediately stifled by a cry of terror and pain. In his excitement he had forgotten that his head was immediately below the signal-arm, and his savage tug at the counter-weight had brought the signal-arm down upon his head with terrible and fatal force. His nerveless limbs loosened from the signal, and falling with a thud upon the sloping embankment, he was shot over the edge of the sheer precipice that formed one side of the rock-cutting and landed upon the opposite line.

Meantime the goods-train had entered the rock-cutting. The signal-arm having been lowered until it was in line with the signal-post, and having been checked by the entanglement of the cord in the lattice-work when it had only returned half-way, stood at clear. But for this accident, Armstrong's fiendish scheme would have been frustrated; for the support being taken away from the counter-weight, it would have descended, and so elevated the signal again. And now, to gratify one man's jealousy and hatred and punish one man, a hundred innocent men and women in the passenger train were to be sacrificed.

As the goods-train came on rattling and roaring through the cutting, the driver and stoker, all unconscious of the imminent peril in which they were, stood on the footplate watching the signals and the line in front of them. A glance at the signal, as he caught sight of it, showed Duffy that it stood at clear. His eye then wandered downward towards the rails, when suddenly it was arrested by a dark object lying on the other line.

'That's surely a man lying on the up-line, Tom,' he remarked to his fireman, laying his hand upon the regulator.

'Good God, so it is!' cried Tom in great excitement.

Without another word the steam was shut off, the link-gear reversed, and the brake applied; for the two men knew that the up-express was due in three minutes, and that if the man who was lying on the line—who might be unconscious through drink or through having fallen over—was left there, he must inevitably meet with a horrible death.

As the train stopped with a shock and a bumping of buffers and clanking of coupling-chains along its whole length, Duffy jumped down into the six-foot way with the engine lamp in his hand. Bending over the huddled-up form, he held the light above the blood-covered face and peered into it. A few seconds elapsed before Duffy moved; and Tom, wondering why he knelt so long looking into the unconscious man's face, jumped down beside them and asked: 'Is he dead, Duffy?'.

'Yes,' answered Duffy, raising his head as if he had just wakened out of a dream.

'Who is he?' continued Tom.

'Armstrong the smith.'

At this moment the brakesman of the train came along to see what was wrong; and after Tom had explained the matter to him, they lifted the dead man and carried him to the van. Duffy and Tom then returned to the engine, and were just about to start the train to advance to the station and see what could be done with Armstrong, when Tom caught sight of some one running along the line with a lamp in his hand.

'What's up?' cried Duffy.

'Who can this be, and what can he be wanting?' asked Tom.

At this point the man with the lamp approached the engine; and when he had come within the light of the furnace, the two men recognised him as the signal-man. 'It's a blessing you noticed it!' he cried, panting with the exertion of running so fast.

'Noticed what?' both men on the engine exclaimed simultaneously.

'Something's wrong with the signal. It's standing at clear just now, and yet the lever's right for danger. I heard you passing it without slowing up, and then I noticed the signal was wrong. I'm glad you saw the train in front in time to pull up.'

'Is there a train in front?' Duffy asked.

'There is. The seven twenty-seven passenger's blocked there by a truck that went off the rails.'

All at once the whole matter became clear to Duffy. Armstrong had been trying to wreck the train, and had apparently fallen down into the cutting when putting the finishing touches to this trap for his enemy. Although Duffy thought this perfectly plain, he did not breathe a word of his thoughts to those around him. Was not his enemy lying dead in the van? He would let bygones be bygones.

'No, we didn't notice that,' he said to the signal-man. 'We stopped because we saw a man lying on the up-line.'

Here the signal-man climbed on to the engine, and the up-express went thundering past, creating a miniature and momentary hurricane as it went.

'It's Armstrong the smith,' added Duffy. 'He's dead.'

'Is that so?' the signal-man exclaimed, and then lapsed into silence, feeling unable to say anything appropriate to the circumstances.

'I'll go up with you and see what's wrong with the signal,' Duffy said to the pointsman after a pause.

Reaching the signal, they found the cord, loosened it from the trellis-work of the signal-post and let the counter-weight fall again. It had not suggested itself to the signal-man that any connection existed between the dead man on the line and the mysteriously lowered signal; but in spite of Duffy's reticence, the cause of the accident became perfectly apparent to him when he saw the cord attached to the signal counter-weight, and put that fact and the fact of Armstrong's being found dead on the line together.

'If ever anything was providential,' said the signal-man, as he and Duffy returned to resume their respective duties, 'this is. Here's a man that intends to wreck your train; he falls over the embankment just when he gets the thing arranged; then you come on seemingly to a certain smash, when you happen to see his body on the line, pull up just in the nick of time, and are saved.'

The signal-man had not probed the matter to the bottom; for the exact purpose of the cord had not occurred to him any more than it had to Duffy. Duffy was pained at the signal-man's discovery of the crime, and said nothing.

When they had reached the train, and the signal-man had told his version of the story to Tom and the brakesman, Duffy, who had stood aside while the story was being narrated, approached the men, and said: 'Now, lads, you know what Armstrong was trying to do, and why he did it; but that's no reason why anybody else should know. We'll not say a word about the signal; but when we take back the corpse, we'll say that we found him dead on the line, and that he had seemingly fallen over the embankment down into the deep rock cutting, and been killed.'

The three men solemnly promised to do this; and in spite of the *post-mortem* examination, in the report on which considerable stress was laid upon the peculiar nature of the wound upon the scalp, and the procurator-fiscal's inquiry, no one ever elicited more from these men than Duffy that night allowed them to tell.

Strangest fact of all, the engine-driver has never told his wife; that is the only secret he has from her.

SEA-SLANG.

THE nautical vocabulary is so varied and extensive, that there is some difficulty in distinguishing between sea-words and phrases that are technical and those which may fairly be called slang. Of the former, several collections have from time to time been made. The earliest is the *Accidence for Young Seamen*, published in 1626, by Captain John Smith, the historian of Virginia, and the hero of the famous Pocahontas story. It may be noted, by the way, as a curiosity of authorship that this, the first printed book on seamanship and nautical terms, was written by an army captain. More than one hundred years later, William Falconer, the author of the *Shipwreck*, published his *Marine*

Dictionary. The latest and most copious of these vocabularies is the late Admiral Smyth's comprehensive *Sailors' Word-book*, a work which, in addition to a very full collection of all technical sea-words and phrases, contains many purely slang expressions that are as familiar to the landsman as to the sailor. But apart from the words peculiar to the theory and practice of seamanship, there is a large number of special terms and phrases which either have been or are now in use among sailors, serving the same purpose as the many cant expressions in favour with shore-going folk.

The nautical names for some of the usual articles of food on board ship are suggestive of the coarse and unappetising nature of the fare. The stock dish of salt-beef is known as 'junk,' 'old-horse,' 'salt-horse,' and 'salt-junk.' Mr Clark Russell in one of his sea-stories declares that 'salt-horse' works out of the pores, and contributes to that mahogany complexion common to sailors, which is often mistakenly attributed to rum and weather. A savoury mess is 'lobscouse,' or 'scouse' as it is sometimes more shortly called. It consists of pounded biscuit, small pieces of salt-beef, and a few potatoes, boiled up together and seasoned with pepper. Snollett in *Peregrine Pickle* mentions the 'composition known by the name of lobscouse' as one of the sea-dishes of which the genial banquet given in honour of Commodore Truncheon's interrupted wedding was entirely composed. A dish of cold fish and potatoes is known as 'twice-laid,' and may be considered as a near relation of the mysterious 'resurrection pie' of school-days, or of the familiar 'bubble and squeak.'

When midst the frying-pan, in accents savage,
The beef so surly quarrels with the cabbage,

as Peter Pindar sings in very limping rhyme. A pudding made of dried peas boiled in a cloth rejoices in the enticing name of 'dog's-body.' The hard ship-biscuits are called 'hard tack,' while the ordinary loaves of white bread to be obtained ashore are christened 'soft tack,' or 'soft tommy.' The latter epithets will be familiar to readers of Marryat, and also to the many hearers of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, wherein the 'bumboat woman,' recounting her wares, sings of 'soft tommy and succulent chops.' 'Midshipmen's nuts' are broken pieces of biscuit eaten by way of dessert. The late Charles Kingsley in one of his letters mentions friends who 'got midshipman's half-pay (nothing a day and find yourself), and monkey's allowance (more kicks than halfpence).'

A very old sea-name for gruel, and formerly for hasty-pudding, is 'loblolly,' but the use of the word has not been confined to sailors. Ned Ward, in the *London Spy*, speaks of coffee as 'Mahometan loblolly,' and Garrick, in his farce *Peep behind the Curtain*, says: 'My ingenious countrymen have no taste now for the high-seasoned comedies; and I am sure that I have none for the pap and loblolly of our present writers.' In old days, the surgeon's mate or doctor's apprentice was derisively termed a 'loblolly boy.' Poor Roderick Random talks of the rude insults of the sailors and petty officers, among whom he was known by the name of 'Loblolly Boy.' Days on which no meat is served out for rations have long been known on board ship as 'banyan days.' The name is said to be derived from a caste of Hindu traders or merchants,

the Banians, who practise total abstinence from all animal food. Lamb tells us that when he was at Christ's Hospital they had three banyan to four meat days in the week. It is a case of 'six upon four' when provisions run short, and rations are allotted in the proportion of four to six men. To food, naturally succeeds drink.

Many of the ordinary cant names for alcoholic liquor are used both by sailors and by landmen; but there are a few terms peculiar to the sea. To 'splice the mainbrace' is to give out an extra allowance of grog. 'Six-water grog' is very weak liquor, six portions of water to one of spirit. Weak or poor drink is also sometimes called 'runbowling.' Of the innumerable euphemisms for drunkenness, partial or entire, a few are of nautical extraction. 'Half-seas over' dates from the seventeenth century. It occurs in Dryden, and later in the *Spectator*, No. 616, in a lively letter professedly written by a country wit upon the occasion of the rejoicings on the day of the king's coronation, when 'the alderman was half-seas over before the bonfire was out.' The origin of the phrase is doubtful. It is often referred to the Dutch *op-zee zober*, or over-sea beer, a strong beer said by Gifford to have been introduced into Holland from England; but more probably its origin is purely nautical, and may be traced to the reeling motion of a vessel in a stormy sea. 'Three sheets in the wind' and 'a sheet in the wind's eye' are two more expressions strongly suggestive of the unsteadiness caused by intoxication. At Greenwich Hospital the cant term for drunkenness is 'yellow fever,' because the sailors when punished have to wear a parti-coloured coat in which yellow is predominant. 'Bulling the barrel' is an operation well known to sailors. When a spirit-cask is nearly empty, a few gallons of water are put into it to keep the wood moist and prevent leakage; this is called 'bulling the cask,' and, as old Tom in *Jacob Faithful* explains, what with the little spirits that may be left and 'what has soaked in the wood, if you roll it and shake it well, it generally turns out pretty fair grog,' which is known as 'bull.' To 'suck the monkey' is a phrase explained in *Peter Simple* as having originally been used among sailors for drinking rum out of cocoa-nuts, the milk having been poured out and the liquor substituted. It is now applied to the act of drinking on the sly from a cask by inserting a straw through a gimlet hole, and to drinking generally. Barham, in the legend of the *Black Mousquetaire*, says:

What the vulgar call 'sucking the monkey,'
Has much less effect on a man when he's funky.

To 'tap the admiral' is a variant of this phrase.

Every one knows what a lubber is. The word is old: it is found in the earliest known English comedy, *Roister Doister*, written about 1550:

He is louted and laughed to skorne,
For the veriest dolte that ever was borne,
And veriest lubber, sloven, and beast.

'Lingering lubbers lose many a penny,' says thrifty Tusser. 'Lubber's hole' is a sea-term for any shirking of duty, from the name given to the opening in the maintop, used in preference to the shrouds by boys and timid climbers. A sailor who rose from the ranks was formerly said to have 'crept through the hawse-holes,' which, pro-

perly speaking, are the holes in the ship's bows through which the cables pass. Marryat, in the *King's Own*, says: 'The kind and considerate captain was aware that a lad who creeps in at the hawse-holes—that is, is promoted from before the mast—was not likely to be favourably received in the midshipmen's mess.' In the army, a man so promoted is called a 'ranker.'

Those amphibious beings the marines, often called 'jollies,' used to represent everything that was contemptible in the eyes of a sailor. A 'marine' and a 'lubber' were synonymous terms. Dana, in his *Two Years before the Mast*, says that on an American vessel 'soger' (soldier) was the worst term of reproach that could be applied to a sailor. 'It signifies,' he says, 'a skulk, a shirk, one who is always trying to get clear of work, and is out of the way, or hanging back, when duty is to be done.' 'Tell that to the marines,' is a relic of that period. 'What the devil has a ship to do with horse's furniture?' cries Sir Bingo in *St Ronan's Well*; 'do you think we belong to the horse-marines?'

They may tell that yarn to the horse-marines,
For we bean't such fools as we looks,

sings a recent burlesque writer; but as a matter of fact the value of this fine body of men is now well known and appreciated.

On board ship, 'son of a cook' is a very uncomplimentary epithet; 'swab' is used in much the same way, and is also applied to the epaulet of a naval officer. A lazy man is sometimes said to be 'slack in stays,' a phrase that has no feminine association, but is simply the technical way of saying that a ship is slow in going about. But if a sailor wishes to thoroughly condemn a lazy mean rascal, he brands him as a 'dirty dog and no sailor.'

Various nicknames are given by sailors to one another and to petty officers. The master's assistants have long been known as 'bungs' or 'bung-starters,' because it was part of their duty to stand at the grog-butt and superintend the serving-out of the grog. The skimmings of the coppers in which the fat salt pork is boiled for the crew are called 'slush;' consequently, the ship's cook is dubbed 'slushy;' while his assistant enjoys, with no apparent reason, the name of 'Jack Nasty-face.' 'Nipcheese' is an old and somewhat libellous name for a purser. A 'ship-husband,' according to Admiral Smyth, is the owner's agent; but Marryat applies the term to a sailor very fond of his ship. 'He was,' says that lively writer in *Percival Keene*, 'as we use the term at sea, a regular ship-husband—that is to say, he seldom put his foot on shore; and if he did, he always appeared anxious to get on board again.' Ships trading with the East which are manned by lascars are obliged by the insurance regulations to carry steersmen of some other nationality, usually European or Manilla men, who are known as 'sea-cunnies.' The names common to sailors in general are mostly of shore manufacture. 'Tarpaulin' is the oldest. It occurs in James Howell's *Parley of Beasts* (1660); and six years later, Mr Pepys enters in his *Diary*, October 20: 'He did hope he should not see a tarpawlin have the command of a ship within this twelve months.' 'Tar' is simply a contraction of 'tarpaulin,' and is almost as old a word. Ned Ward in his *London Spy* (1703) speaks of a

'drunken tar, as great in his thoughts as an admiral;' and earlier still, in Durley's *Commonwealth of Women* (1686), a sailor is spoken of as 'old tarr.' Other well-known names at present in use are 'salt,' 'shell-back,' and sometimes 'lob-scouser.'

The songs popular with sailors are called 'chantys' or 'shanties.' When a sailor dies, he is said to have 'lost the number of his mess.' Mr Chucks the boatswain remarks to Peter Simple, on an eventful occasion, that he does not think well of the expedition in which they are engaged. 'I have an idea,' he says, 'that some of us will lose the number of our mess.' A better-known phrase with similar meaning is, to go to 'Davy Jones's locker'—that is, the bottom of the sea. The origin of this expression is uncertain. To 'pipe the eye' is to weep; readers of Hood will remember how Ben the carpenter, when he returned to the faithless Sally Brown,

Began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

Litter on deck, sailors call 'raffle;' in American vessels, according to Dana, a confusion of things is, or was, called a 'hurrah's nest, everything on top and nothing at hand.' The converse of this condition is known as 'ship and shape and Bristol fashion,' or more generally nowadays simply 'ship-shape.' To 'haze' is a very expressive word to a sailor; it means to harass or punish by hard and often unnecessary work.

In the old days of privateering, East and West Indians were wont to make a gallant show of cannon-mouths frowning from their lower port-holes; but as these pieces were all wooden, and not intended to be fired, they were known as 'quakers.' A curious cant name for a ship of war is 'Andrew' or 'Andrew Millar.' Its origin is quite unknown; but it has been pointed out that Antonio, in the *Merchant of Venice*, speaks of one of his vessels as his 'wealthy Andrew;' and it has been conjectured that in this case the ship was named after the celebrated Admiral Andrea Doria, who died in 1560. But to trace any connection between this 'Andrew,' however general the use of the name may have become, and the 'Andrew Millar' of modern sailors' slang would be difficult.

MY VIOLIN.

ART naught but deal, with form and screw and line?
Hast not a soul that answer makes to mine?
Heart speaks to heart—oh, surely mine to thine,
Else, couldst thou thrill as if with thought divine?

Whence come those groans that rend thy throbbing
breast?

Those low sweet tones that fill my soul with rest?
E'en when despair within my heart was guest,
I told thee all, and life again was blest.

Soul or no soul, thou'rt all in life to me;
Scarcely dream I dream that is not blent with thee:
Where'er I roam, in sorrow or in glee,
Thou, Violin! a valued friend shalt be.

N. GRANT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.